

Have e'en a Hermit of his tears beguiled
And see! I weep—who never wept before
Since that sad time—but I must weep no more.
Yes! the long day its course has well nigh run,
And we must hence, before to-morrow's sun,
The furious ministers of zeal and wrath,
Will trample on this unfrequented path.
These peaceful woods will hear the battle din,
The clash of armour, and the oath of sin.
Start not! but hide this dagger in thy dress,
And if thy virtue tremble take redress—
Mercy in peace a woman's softness decks,
Firmness in peril elevates the sex!
Should Heaven reward me with the crown of death,
Oh! consecrate to God thy latest breath.
Thine innocence his mighty arm will claim,
Oh! thou hast nothing done to merit blame.
Come soothe thy bosom, and compose thy tears,
None but the guilty conscience ever fears.
Let no deceit thy firm belief pervert.
Remember maiden—God will not desert
His own, the true believer may not fall,
The God of Bertha will protect us all!"

The good man paused, to print the sacred seal
Of vesper song, upon his earnest zeal,
The willing maiden joined her heart and voice,
That saints in bliss and angels might rejoice.
The chapel hollowed from the living stone,
The altar where the lighted tapers shone.
On high the burning lamp of silver hung,
The fragrant breath the fuming censor flung,
The solemn stillness of that awful place,